Ser Vp.
Ro. Whither to supper.
Ser. To our house.
Ro. Whose house?
Ser. My Maisters.
Ro. Indeede I should haue askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My Maister is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the house of *Mountagues*, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry.
Ben. At this same auncient feast of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Rosaline* whom thou so loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Goe thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee thinke thy swan a crow.
Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines such falshood, then turne teares to fire:
And these who often drownd, could neuer die,
Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue? the all seeing Sun
Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you saw her faire none else being by,
Her selfe poysde with her selfe in either eye:
But in that Christall scales let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue against some other maid,
That I will shew you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shewes best.
Ro. Ile goe along no such sight to be showne,
But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurse.*

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse, *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare old I had her, come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God for bid, Where's this Girle? what* Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?
Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli.

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?
Wife. This is the matter. Nurse giue leaue a while, we must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembred me, thou'se heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. *Faith I can tell her Age vnto an houre.*
Wife. Shees not fourteene.
Nurse. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, & yet to my teene be it spoken, I haue but foure, shees not fourteene. How long is it now to* Lammas tide?
Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurse. *Euen or odd, of all daies in the yeere come* Lammas *Eue at night shall she be fourteene.* Susan *and she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well* Susan *is with God, shee was too good for me. But as I said on* Lammas *Eue at night shall shee bee fourteene, then shall shee marrie, I remember it well. Tis since the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laid worme wood to my dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Doue house wall. My Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But as I saide, when it did tast the worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teachie and fall out with the Dug, Shake quoth the Doue-house, twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a leuen yeares, for then shee could stand alone, nay by'throode she could haue runne and wadled all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, and then my Husband, God be with his soule, a was a merry man, tooke vp the child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not* Iule? *And by my holydam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said I: to see now how a iest shall come about. I warrant, and I shall liue a thousand yeares, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou not* Iule *quoth he? and pretty foole it stinted, and said I.*
Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.
Nurse. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot choose but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying and say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fallst vpon thy face, thou wilt fall*

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